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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
—Much Ado About Nothing.



DETAILS have reached me of the important purchase of the Demidoff pictures by Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, President of the Art Institute, Chicago, and Mr. Durand-Ruel, who went with him from Paris to the Pratolino Palace in Florence, where most of them were collected. Some of them had already been sold to private persons and were bought back by Mr. Durand-Ruel, to whom the sale was made, it having been agreed that Mr. Hutchinson should take what he wanted out of the lot, which he did at the cost of over \$200,000. About \$100,000 more, I am told, was paid for the pictures retained by Mr. Durand-Ruel, nearly all of which he has since disposed of in Paris. The purchase of the collection was not contemplated by Mr. Hutchinson, who only wanted to bring it to Chicago for exhibition. The Princess had several times declined to sell, refusing offers, at a large advance of prices, for some of the pictures which were "bought in" by the Prince at the San Donato sale. Since then most of the "old masters" have increased in value, and it has paid her well to wait. Just about the time Mr. Hutchinson was thinking of negotiating for the exhibition of the pictures in Chicago, the Princess, being in urgent need of a large amount of ready money, sent her secretary to Mr. Durand-Ruel asking him to find a purchaser for them.

MR. HUTCHINSON has taken, among others, the following: Rembrandt—"Jeune Fille;" Hobbema—"Le Moulin," said to be finer than the Hobbema for which Mr. Secretan paid 200,000 francs; Jan Steen—"Le Concert" (interior); Vandyck—"Portrait de Femme;" Terburg—"Le Mandoline;" Van der Capelle—"Marine;" Teniers—"Corps de Garde;" Ruysdael—"Paysage;" A. Van de Velde—"Paturage;" Van der Neer—"Patineurs;" Nieris—"L'heureuse Mère;" Rubens—"Portrait du Marquis de Spinola;" Franz Halz—"Portrait de son fils;" Netscher—"Jeune Fille;" W. Van de Velde—"Marine." These fifteen paintings alone, if they are what they are represented to me to be, must be worth more than the \$200,000 Mr. Hutchinson paid for his entire purchase. Mr. Durand-Ruel keeps for himself a very fine Rembrandt—the portrait of an old man.

ONE of the few successful new-comers at the Royal Academy Exhibition this year was the painter of the charming landscape, "The Plumy Race," ascribed in the catalogue to "Miss" M. R. Jones. The London art critics have been writing complimentary things about the "young lady;" but it turns out that Maude Raphael Jones—that is the name in full—is a man. "Maude" is an old Yorkshire family name of distinction. The incident reminds me of a similar one in this country. Professor Camille Piton, one of the early contributors to the magazine, had forwarded some of his collected articles to the Princess Louise (a subscriber to The Art Amateur), for which Her Royal Highness sent back graceful acknowledgments to *Madame* Camille Piton, thanking "her" for "her kindness," to the great delight of the real, big, bearded, six-foot Camille.

"WHERE is Mr. Frank Duveneck?" asks the editor of The Artist, as if that gentleman had been lost or stolen or were in hiding somewhere. Mr. Duveneck is at present in this country, where he is about to take charge of the new School of Arts at Cincinnati. He must seem, by the way, to the British public to be a veritable "Mrs. Harris." Like that mysterious friend of "Mrs. Gamp," the fact of his very existence even has been questioned, and this by no less a person than Mr. Seymour-Haden. One of the most amusing things in Whistler's book, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," is his account of the discomfiture of his brother-in-law, who, as president of the Painter-Etchers' Society, attributed to him the admirable Venice etchings sent to the exhibition by Mr. Duveneck. Mr. Seymour-Haden—who, it seems, had never heard of this accomplished artist—was convinced that he detected in his plates the handling and style of Whistler, and supposed

that the latter had adopted the fictitious name "Frank Duveneck" as a "blind," because he was "under an engagement with the Fine Art Society to publish no Venice etchings for a year."

A WRITER in The (London) Artist says he overheard recently the following dialogue at the Royal Academy between two gentlemen who stood in front of "How the Gossip Grew," by Frank D. Millet:

"1st Gentleman: That's pretty. Who painted that?"
 "2d Gentleman: Millay."
 "1st Gentleman (incredulously): Indeed! It's scarcely his style; ah! I see, one of his early pre-Raphaelite works."
 "2d Gentleman: No, it's not Sir John Millais's the other Millay—M-I-L-L-E-Y."
 "1st Gentleman: Oh, of course, the Frenchman who painted that picture that sold for £22,000."
 "2d Gentleman: No, I think it must be by his son, for that Millays dead and these are not his initials."
 "1st Gentleman: Most likely; he made a big name. Must have for his picture to sell for such a price and of course now he's dead his son can trade on the name, and really I think this must be finer work than the old man's. Pretty much the same style though isn't it; only he had two figures in a field and here we have two figures in a room (going up closer); yes, it's more refined than the 'Angelus' so far as I can see, but belonging to the same school."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, in his interesting "Recollections," now running through The Century, publishes a discriminating estimate of Corot. It is not generally known, I believe, that he is himself a clever painter, strongly influenced by Corot, for whose work he has a profound admiration. Among his most treasured possessions is the favorite palette of the great French landscape poet. Mr. Jefferson's pictures are rarely seen; but a very good example of his brush is owned by the Lotos Club. It is a large canvas showing a stream flowing between well-wooded banks, and a man fishing. How many actors, by the way, have a talent for painting! Mr. Richard Mansfield makes delightful water-color sketches; Mr. Steele Mackay paints in both oils and water-colors. John Brougham at one time gave lessons in drawing, and he excelled at caricature; George Fawcett Rowe—originally a scene painter—made capital landscape sketches. Charles Fechter, it is well known, was more than a clever amateur painter, and I dare say many more names could be added to the list.

It is easier perhaps to connect the actor's association with the painted "scene" with his taste for painting than to account for the predilection of dentists for sculpture. Perhaps the frequent handling of the modelling wax used by the latter in their profession leads to a desire to employ it in a less prosaic manner. Dr. Kingsley and Dr. Goodwittie are New York dental surgeons who, considered as amateurs, have produced some excellent sculpture. Dr. Hogeboom made charming medallions of Washington, Lafayette and other Revolutionary heroes, but he was a physician, I believe. The English surgeon, Mr. Seymour-Haden, we all know, handles the etcher's needle with no less skill than the scalpel; so do Dr. Yale and Dr. Henry C. Eno, of New York. But to begin to talk of the clever amateur artists in the medical profession would take up more space than I can spare to the subject now.

"A HUNDRED acres of old masters can be got if desired," the President of the World's Fair in Chicago is credited with saying. It is to be hoped that ex-Senator Palmer will induce the art department to refrain from any exhibition of old masters. As he truly says, "The popular taste is appealed to by more modern works of art." Moreover, it is much easier to vouch for the authenticity of modern pictures. By all means, keep out all "old masters" from your exhibition, Mr. President. They would be quite out of place.

"AT last, that good old Gallic hero, Vercingetorix, of whom Julius Cæsar has written so much, is to have a statue!" says a New York paper. Vercingetorix was so honored years ago, and Bartholdi was the sculptor.

THE "Musée de Cluny" has been taken in and done for in the matter of a church stall of Renaissance design. A sculptor from Orleans happening to visit the museum came upon the stall or chair in question in a place of honor between two windows. It seemed familiar to him,

and he stopped to examine it. Yes, he knew the wood of which the frame was made; it came from some demolished houses of the Rue de l'Ecrevisse, at Saint Jean-de-la-Ruelle, where he worked. The central panel he had himself carved out of an old cellar trap, copying it from a heliogravure of a piece in the Retrospective Exposition of Lyons. Two side-pieces supporting the arms had been carved by a comrade from a sketch made by the proprietor of the shop. The chair had been sold to a Parisian dealer for 600 francs. What the directors of the museum gave for it has not been told.

IT is too bad that Mr. Eiffel cannot be satisfied with believing his "Tower" one of the wonders of the modern world, without declaring the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, to be a myth.

"Is the present cheap edition of Mr. Ruskin's works, illustrated by process, in any way authorized by Mr. Ruskin?" a London journal asks. It is too evident that the poor gentleman is far beyond the stage of knowing anything about such matters. The latest accounts of his condition tell of continuous delirium and a second attempt, within a short time, to take his own life. It is just about a year since he became violently insane, and he is now kept by his family in strict seclusion. His delightful "Præterita," it is certain now, will never be finished. Even though a fragment, however, I doubt not that this charming autobiography will be more cared for by posterity than most of his criticisms. I suppose that we must all be grateful to him for teaching us to appreciate Turner; but his opinions on the subject of painting in general, I am inclined to think, will find few admirers a generation hence. That "there is nothing but the work of Prout which is true, living or right in its general impression," surely no one believes even now; or that Canaletto was "a little and a bad painter." And what will posterity say of the critic who declares that Rembrandt's "colors are all wrong from beginning to end," and that "vulgarity, dullness or impiety will indeed always express themselves through art, in brown and gray, as in Rembrandt"? What will be said of the dictum that "the truths of color are the least important of all truths," even if one agrees with Mr. Ruskin that "the world may see another Titian and another Raffaele before it sees another Rubens"?

As for his estimate of Turner, there seems to be no danger of its being overruled—at least by the present generation of his own countrymen, who, in the most practical manner, showed their appreciation of "the father of landscape painting" at the recent sale at Christie's of the Farnley Turners, by paying some extraordinary prices. Here are some of them: "The Lake of Lucerne from Fluelen," 2200 guineas (about \$11,000); "Mont Blanc from the Val d'Aosta," 1000 guineas; "The Valley of Chamounix," 800 guineas; "Lausanne," 700 guineas. These were all water-color drawings. Others—some mere sketches, and in poor condition at that—brought from 200 to 950 guineas each. Only four oil paintings were offered; the "Lake of Geneva" brought 2500 guineas, and the "Victory" Returning from Trafalgar, £2000; a small replica of "The Sun Rising in a Mist," 1000 guineas.

A REALLY fine Turner is seldom allowed to leave the shores of England, but if an exhibition of all the pictures of this painter that are owned in the United States were possible, probably a very fair representation of his genius could be made. Mrs. W. H. Vanderbilt owns the painting, "The Fountain of Indolence," and several very good water-color drawings. Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt last year bought from the Dudley collection, "The Grand Canal, Venice," an important picture. Mr. Thomas Moran's great "find," the "Conway Castle," is well known. "The Slave Ship" is owned, I believe, by Miss Alice Hooper, of Boston. Ruskin has made it one of Turner's most famous pictures; but Hamerton, with hardly a rebuke, quotes an American critic who said of it: "It is the most infernal piece of clap-trap ever painted. There is nothing in it. It has as much to do with human affection and thought as a ghost. It is not even a fine bouquet of color. The color is harsh, disagreeable and discordant." Mr. Hamerton, with certain reservations, admires the picture, but he virtually apologizes for it by saying that the painter's main object was

to produce an effect of lurid splendor, which could only be attained by a lavish use of vermilion and yellow ochre, colors which must be crude when employed in great quantities, and which were for that very reason avoided by the Venetian masters.

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It would be instructive to see "The Slave Ship" hung in the same room with the charming "Saltash" now at the Metropolitan Museum, which is rich in color without being at all lurid, and "The Sunset View of Staffa" in the Lenox Library, which is lurid without being at all garish. The last-named canvas was the first example of Turner to come to this country, and it is perhaps the best yet seen here. It is in perfect preservation, which is no small thing in itself; for this erratic painter was always experimenting in oil colors, and some of the pictures he left behind him are to-day valueless in consequence. I read somewhere recently that an undoubted "Turner" was knocked down at auction in England recently for £25. No one doubted that it was genuine; but it was probably one of his bad pictures, of which there are plenty, and no one wanted it.

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NOT a few of Turner's pictures are garish because they come to us just as they left the exhibition rooms, where they were keyed up to suit their temporary surroundings. Leslie, in his "Recollections," tells how Turner would wait until the hanging at the Royal Academy was all finished and then, on Varnishing Day, would put in a few touches to his own pictures there, so as to "bring them out," quite regardless of the effect on all the others in their neighborhood. "He has been here and fired off a gun," Constable exclaimed on one of these occasions, when he found that the color of his own picture of a pageant of boats at the opening of Waterloo Bridge had been "killed" by Turner dabbing in a great spot of scarlet paint on his gray sea-piece that hung near it. On the opposite wall there was a "Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the Fiery Furnace," which moved Cooper to remark to Constable that "a coal had bounced across the room from Jones's picture and set fire to Turner's sea." When the exhibition was over Turner would pack his pictures away, after his careless fashion, and the supplementary daubs of color, which no longer had any purpose to serve probably were never painted out.

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AT the Royal Academy this year, Ernest Parton has strayed from his familiar English pools, meadows and silvery pastorals, and has found inspiration "In the Heart of Normandy." His pictures are thus described:

"A lovely vista of a stream, the clearness and smooth surface of which serve to reflect the sky and woods in white and gray and green hues that are admirably studied and painted. The sky, indicating autumn, is cloudy, pale, and dark gray and white; while the stream's banks are rich in foliage, which here glows in autumnal russet and gold, and there is splendid with the brilliant green of the second leaf. Upon the level water yellow leaves float slowly toward the front, and a softened light pervades the scene. It is a charming work, full of silveriness, touched with a less emphatic hand, and clearer than formerly. 'In the Spring Time' represents a backwater of a river like the Thames or the stream of a flatter country. The still, grayish pool is nearly enclosed by tall ranks of last autumn's rushes and feathery wild grass, the seed of which droops in masses above the water; between the slender gray trunks of the trees glimpses may be caught of meadows in bright green; the early foliage is greener still. The whole is a true harmony of silvery grays, whites of various tints, and ashy greens, all in low and tender keys."

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My esteemed contemporary of The Collector says that there is to be an exhibition at the Grolier Club of a collection of various "posters," including "not only characteristic examples of Cheret, Grasset, Levy and the other French designers upon stone, but some equally representative work that has brought credit to our own leading theatrical lithographers." A good idea! No one with an eye for the artistic can have failed to note the marked improvement of late in some of our American theatrical street posters. It was Mrs. James Brown Potter, I think, who was the first to be advertised in this way, about a year or so ago; and now it is by no means uncommon for our boardings to be covered with play bills excellent in design and in color, the fashion being to reproduce in fac-simile the technique of the original cartoons executed in water-color washes.

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THERE was a very interesting exhibition of this kind—the first ever held—in Paris last winter, but the work only of Jules Cheret was shown. Concerning this, a

correspondent wrote to me at the time as follows: "If any one doubts that a veritable artist can show his talent on a street bill as well as anywhere else, he has only to look at the hundred or more brilliant samples of the colored posters that have, for several years past, delighted the eyes of Parisian 'flâneurs.' M. Jules Cheret—who must not be confounded with Cheret, the scene-painter, dead a few years since—is the lithographer who first introduced the colored artistic poster into France, and transformed the street broadside from a common printed bill into a work of art. Cheret not only makes the designs for his posters, but superintends the printing of them. He has solved the problem of giving tradesmen and others, who wish to advertise their wares on the street walls, the possibility of doing so in a striking, artistic and cheap manner, for he obtains his results by the simplest means. His posters are worked with three impressions: the first is in black and gives the outline, the next is a bright red, and the last, to tone down the harshness of this color, a blue, a green or a yellow. Cheret's drawing is, of course, not always correct or finished, but his work has movement and color, and, after all, for striking the eye of the passer-by this is more important than high finish. Cheret, who is now about fifty years old, had no master. After studying the art of writing backward on lithographic stones, he went to England where, besides working as a lithographer, he designed ballet costumes. It was in England that he first conceived the idea of his colored posters, and, curiously enough, it was English capital that first enabled him to start his establishment in Paris."

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ACCORDING to The Moniteur, an old trick has been played upon the painter Roybet by some unscrupulous Americans. Having bought from him a picture painted upon a mahogany panel they asked him to sign it on the reverse, which he did, without comprehending their motive. They then, of course, had the panel sawn in two, got somebody to paint something on the reverse, and sold both pictures—the genuine, and that of which only the signature was genuine—for Roybets.

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AT the late annual exhibition of peintres-graveurs held at the Durand-Ruel galleries, rue Le Peletier, Paris, the French Government bought the following works:

Studies and portraits of children in etching and dry point, by M. Albert Besnard and Madame Marie Bracquemond; etchings after J. F. Millet, by Félix Bracquemond; etchings, aquatints and lithographs after nature, in colors, by John Lewis Brown; dry points and aquatints of women and children, by Miss Mary Cassatt; lithographs, by Jules Cheret; an etching, "View of Paris," by Delaunay; dry points after nature, scenes in England and Japan, by Robert Goff; wood-engravings of landscapes and city scenes, by M. A. Lepère; dry points, fantasies and landscapes, by H. Somon; lithographs in colors and other works, by Henri Rivière; studies after nature in Holland, etchings, by Ph. Zilcken and Storm van S'Gravesande; and lithographs, by Fantin Latour and Ch. Serret, and etchings by H. Guerard, Norbert Goeneutte, G. Jeannot, V. Vignon, and Camille Pissarro.

This is the first time that the Government has made purchases of engraved work by living artists. The Zilcken mentioned above is a young man of great talent, whose line reminds me of Seymour Haden, although he is wholly an original etcher. Keppel & Co. have a few specimens of his work, and, I understand, are likely to show much more of it next winter.

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THE following is clipped from The Pittsburg East End News:

An artist that can paint a picture that will deceive a dog certainly deserves praise. That picture must be very realistic, faithfully representing nature. Miss Ihmsen, of Edgewood, has a pet dog, a Skye terrier, one of the thoroughbred breed. Recently the dog was in her atelier, lying quietly beside her while she painted. Suddenly he arose and sprang at her easel, growling and in every way showing his displeasure. In The Art Amateur of February, 1890, there was a study of a cat by J. Dolph. It was this colored plate that caused the dog to show fight, for he hates a cat as much as he resents all familiarity his mistress shows to any other dog.

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THE rather odd question is asked by Le Guide de l'Amateur d'Œuvres d'Art: "What has become of all the paintings by Corot, Delacroix, Rousseau, Decamps and other painters of their day, of which no trace can now be found? It reckons that Corot must have produced in the course of his long career some 6000 paintings, exclusive of sketches and studies; Daubigny about 4000; Decamps, 3500; Delacroix, 5000; Diaz, 3500; Jules Dupré, 3000; Isahey, 4000; Fromentin, 2000; Theodore Rousseau, 2000; Troyon, 4000; Ziem, 5400. Of these, M. Garnier, the capable editor of The

Guide de l'Amateur, professes himself unable, after much searching, to account for more than one third; and he is at a loss to imagine where the other two thirds can be. I am afraid he has not diligently studied American auction catalogues and catalogues of loan exhibitions. Let him rest easy. A good share of the missing two thirds is probably in this country, to say nothing of two thirds besides, which the artists named never saw.

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THE following "Personal" from The Herald is rather unique:

WELL KNOWN YOUNG ARTIST DESIRES ACQUAINTANCE OF YOUNG lady, good figure, who will pose in return for instruction or drawings. Address ILLUSTRATOR, Fourth Avenue.

* * *

A RECENT copy of The Daily Graphic, an illustrated London penny newspaper, in imitation of its defunct New York namesake, is before me, and a remarkably good penny's worth it is. Sixteen pages of the size of The Art Amateur are filled with news and illustrations, the latter all pen sketches of passing events, reproduced by photo-engraving, and not by the poor photo-lithographic process to which the proprietors of the New York Daily Graphic were wedded, and which made it necessary that one side of the sheet should be printed from the stone—letterpress as well as illustrations—while the other side was printed from type. This London newspaper is the only really practical example of illustrated daily journalism that has yet appeared. What is especially noteworthy about it from the artistic standpoint is that all the drawings are made with a view to fair printing, even on such poorly finished paper as they are given in this case. There are no finely shaded drawings or imitations of wood-cuts such as our American illustrated newspapers affect, and it is evident that there is an art editor behind the scenes—a member of the editorial staff conspicuously absent, as a rule, in New York illustrated journalism.

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THIS number of The Daily Graphic that I chance to see has particular interest on account of the illustrations of the Stanley testimonial banquet recently given to the great African explorer by American residents in London. They are sketchy, but some of the portraits are full of character, especially those of Mr. Stanley, U. S. Consul-General New and Sir Richard Temple. The handsome features of Mr. Henry S. Wellcome, who was the moving spirit in the affair and who designed the great silver shield presented to Mr. Stanley on this occasion, are not fairly given. The trophy, which is two feet high, is elaborately worked in repoussé by Elkington, who made the famous Elcho shield, which is, by the way, hardly more crowded with detail than this remarkable conception of Mr. Wellcome. It bears in the centre the Stars and Stripes on a shield, upon which is overlaid a relief map of Africa, the great explorer's various journeys being marked in inlaid gold. The American eagle at the top of the shield holds a medallion portrait of Stanley encircled by a laurel wreath. Around the central device are depicted numerous scenes in the career of the explorer, beginning with the Fall of Magdala, with Lord Napier and Stanley in the foreground, including the battle of Amoaful (Ashanti), the finding of Livingstone, the discovery of the source of the Nile, the founding of the Congo Free State, Stanley's encounter with the dwarfs, and ending with the meeting with Emin Pasha.

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A WRITER in The New York Sun has discovered "a chance for some benevolent and wealthy American to make a worthy contribution to art." He says:

"Mme. Bashkirtseff, who has steadily refused to part with the least of her daughter's works, is anxious that the collection should always be kept together. She feels that her own days are numbered, and her son, Marie's brother, who still lives in Russia, takes little interest in his sister's work, so that Mme. Bashkirtseff fears that after her death the collection may be scattered. On that account she is anxious to dispose of the gallery to some one who will promise to keep it intact."

I do not know exactly how "worthy" a "contribution to art" the student work of this clever but much over-lauded school-girl may be; but Marie Bashkirtseff has been so well advertised that her pictures would probably make a paying side-show at some of the art dealers' galleries. The "Angelus" sensation is dead; another "peach-blow vase" sensation is not to be thought of. Why not get the Bashkirtseff pictures as a boom for the winter season, Mr. Sutton? MONTEZUMA.